

A similar strain of panegyric runs through the letter to Stanley.

When the acerbities of faction have passed away, posterity will do justice to your disinterestedness and devotion. . . . Less than three years ago the Whigs, and loudest among them my Lord Melbourne, announced you as the future Prime Minister of England. Young, of high lineage, of illustrious station, and of immaculate character, and unquestionably their ablest orator, — among your own party you had no rival. . . . You, my Lord, preferred your honour to your interest, the prosperity of your native land to the gratification of your ambition. You sacrificed without a pang the proudest station in your country, to prove to your countrymen that public principle was not yet a jest. You did well. The pulse of our national character was beating-low. We required some great example to re-brace the energies of our honour. From the moment that you denounced the disgusting thralldom and the base expedients of your chicaning colleagues, a better feeling pervaded England, and animated Englishmen. . . .

The time is ripe for union and fair for concord. When, some days back, in my letter to Sir Robert Peel — a letter, let me observe in passing, written by one whose name, in spite of the audacious licence of fraiitic conjecture, has never yet been even intimated, can never be discovered, and will never be revealed — I announced the fact that the great Conservative party was at length completely united, it was a declaration equivalent to England being saved. . . . In a Peel, a Stanley, a Wellington, and a Lyndhurst, the people of England recognise their fitting leaders. Let the priestly party oppose to these the acrid feebleness of a Russell, and the puerile commonplace of a Howick, Melbourne's experienced energy, and Lansdowne's lucid perception!

From Lord Lyndhurst.

[February, 1836.]

DEAR **DISSY**,

Lord John is a great, very great success. B[arnes] writes me word that it is the best of the series. I agree entirely with him in this.

It strikes me that one advantage of a strict incognito is this: that people are never jealous of the success of an unknown person: they praise therefore readily, freely, fully.